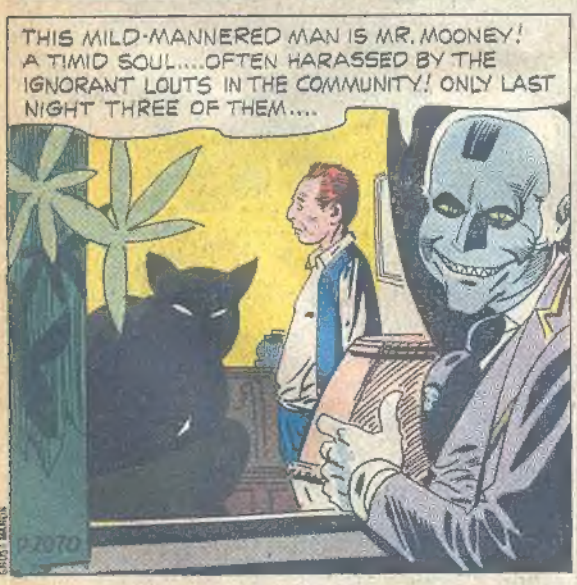
CHARLTON COMICS
00696-1271
VISIT GHOST MANOR
ALL NEW STORIES and ART
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
GHOST MANOR
NO. 2
DEC.
CDC
50
20¢
..IF YOU DARE!!
YOU'LL TREMBLE YEARS AFTER READING THIS CHILLER...
"a TOUCH of GENIUS!"

DON'T WANDER OFF, MY FRIENDS... FOR TONIGHT, I, MR. BONES, WILL TAKE YOU ON A GUIDED TOUR OF A SMALL TOWN IN THE MIDWEST NAMED DUMBERTON... A DULL LOOKING PLACE.... BUT A MYSTERIOUS CREATURE THREATENS THE LIVES OF EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD... EVEN YOU MAY BECOME VICTIMS!

It will roam tonight


THIS MILD-MANNERED MAN IS MR. MOONEY! A TIMID SOUL.... OFTEN HARASSED BY THE IGNORANT LOUTS IN THE COMMUNITY! ONLY LAST NIGHT THREE OF THEM....
P.2070
GHOST MANOR

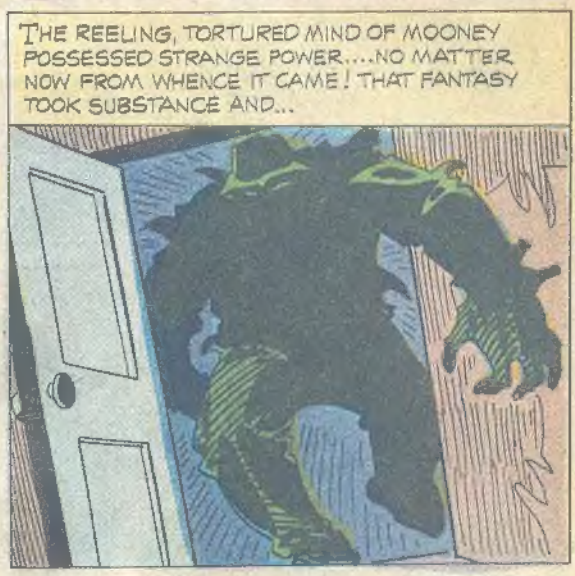
GHOST MANOR Vol. 1, No. 2, December, 1971,
published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1971 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 20¢ per copy. Subscription $1.20 annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended.
This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

IN A SMALL TOWN, SUCH INCIDENTS BECOME WIDELY KNOWN OVERNIGHT....BUT THERE WAS NO PUBLIC OUTCRY FOR MR. MOONEY! INDEED...
I HEAR THE KIDS MESSED UP MOONEY AGAIN! SERVES 'IM RIGHT
I REMEMBER MOONEY WHEN HE WAS RIDING HIS HIGH HORSE! A WISE NEW YORKER WHO THOUGHT HE'D COME HERE AN' FLEECE US YOKELS! WE SURE DID A JOB ON HIM!
HER DIRTY LAUGH WAS ECHOED ALL OVER TOWN! BY AMOS GRAFFT, THE BANKER...HE CHEATED MR. MOONEY OUT OF A LARGE SUM OF MONEY!
HE THOUGHT HE WAS A SHARP OPERATOR! HEH HEH HEH!
HE CAUGHT ME PADDIN' HIS REPAIR BILL ONCE AND MADE A STINK! I FIXED 'IM NEXT TIME... HE WRECKED THE CAR DRIVIN' HOME AFTER I JIMMIED THE FRONT END! HEH HEH HEH!
IN SHORT, FIENDS....I ALWAYS HAVE TROUBLE WITH THAT WORD...MR. MOONEY HAS BEEN RIDICULED, ASSAULTED, PLUNDERED...AND ROBBED OF HIS RESPECT FOR HIS FELLOW MEN! IN A WORD,..HE SEETHES WITH HATRED!
NO, NO!...WE NEED TO LOOK MORE CLOSELY AT MR. MOONEY...
IF I WERE BIG AND POWERFUL.. ..AND VICIOUS...

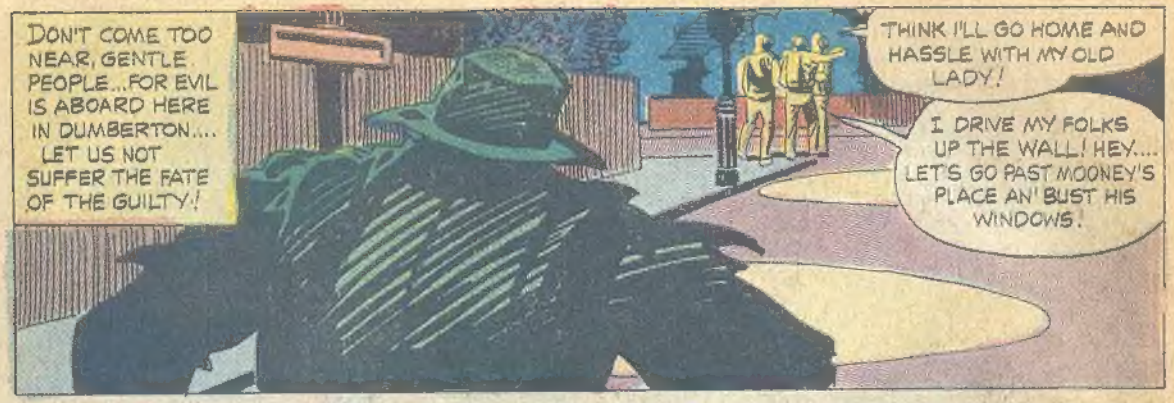
MR. MOONEY SITS BY THE FIRE WITH HIS WEIRD-LOOKING CAT AND HE FANTASIZES (DREAMS).
I'D SHOW THEM ALL IF....

I'D TEACH THEM NOT TO LAUGH AT ME!

THEY ALL LAUGH AT ME...I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO GAIN REVENGE!


THE REELING, TORTURED MIND OF MOONEY POSSESSED STRANGE POWER....NO MATTER NOW FROM WHENCE IT CAME! THAT FANTASY TOOK SUBSTANCE AND...

THIS IS A REAL DRAG, DADDIO!
WE BLEW THE BREAD WE GOT FROM MOONEY! THAT WAS A GAS, ROUSTIN' MOONEY! HEH HEH HEH!
3


DON'T COME TOO NEAR, GENTLE PEOPLE...FOR EVIL IS ABOARD HERE IN DUMBERTON.... LET US NOT SUFFER THE FATE OF THE GUILTY!
THINK I'LL GO HOME AND HASSLE WITH MY OLD LADY!
I DRIVE MY FOLKS UP THE WALL! HEY.... LET'S GO PAST MOONEY'S PLACE AN' BUST HIS WINDOWS!

THERE WAS A DARK PLACE AHEAD...THESE MORONS, COWARDS AT HEART, WERE NOT AS BRASH AS THEY HUDDLED CLOSER....THEIR GUILTY CONSCIENCES CREATING "THINGS" IN THE DARKNESS....
C-COME ON....WE'LL HAVE A BLAST THROWIN' ROCKS AT MOONEY!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

IT... IT GOT TURKO!
WHO CARES... I'M GITTIN' OUTA HERE!

HOLD IT....THERE'S ONE OF THE PUNKS, JIM!

THEY ROBBED MR. MOONEY, ALL RIGHT! HERE'S HIS WALLET! NO MONEY IN IT, THOUGH!
THE ONE THEY CALL TURKO IS ALWAYS WITH THESE TWO....WHERE IS HE BRIGHT-EYES?

THE THING GOT TURKO! IT MUSTA KILLED HIM!

THE TWO HOODLUMS LED THE POLICE BACK TO THE DARK SPOT WHERE THE 'THING' HAD CONFRONTED THEM! TURKO WAS THERE STILL....
HE'S ALIVE...HE JUST FAINTED, I GUESS!

WE'LL HOLD THE PUNKS UNTIL MOONEY IDENTIFIES THEM!
OKAY...THEN WE'LL STOP AT MOONEY'S AND RETURN HIS WALLET!

THE POLICE CAR SPED QUIETLY TOWARD HEADQUARTERS....AND THE CAUSE OF THIS DISTURBANCE WATCHED, BLACKER THAN THE SHADOWS IN WHICH IT LURKED!
HEH-HEH-HEH!

THEN OFFICERS RADZINSKI AND O'HAIRE WENT TO MOONEY'S HOUSE....AND KNOCKED....AND NO ONE ANSWERED!
HE MUST BE IN BED, JIM!
HE'S SITTING BY THE FIRE, STOSH! WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

THE DOOR'S OPEN, STOSH!

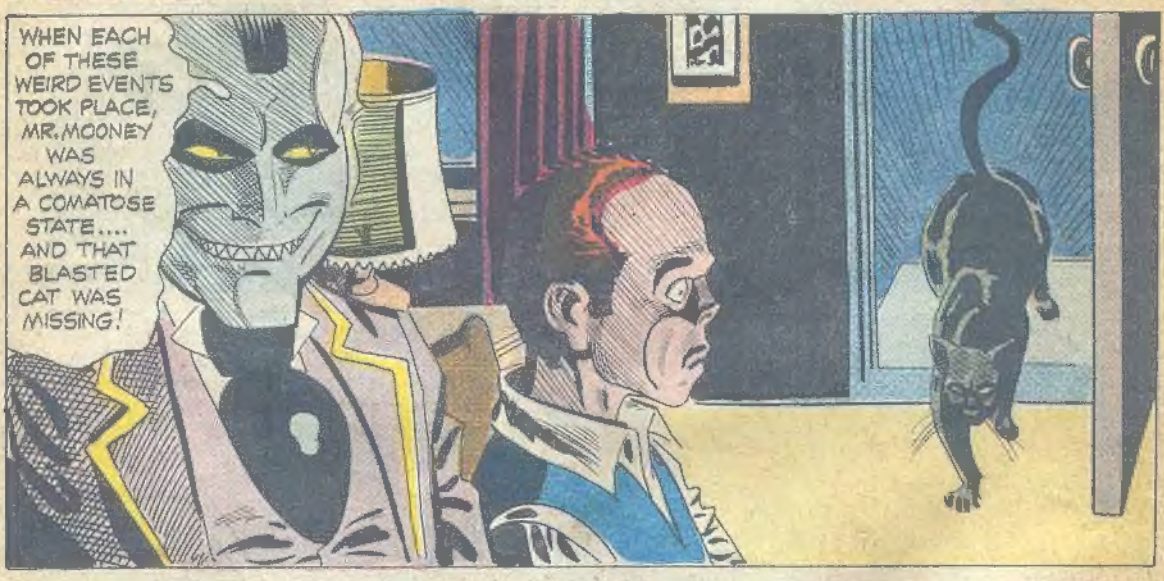
STOSH, HE...HE'S LIKE IN A TRANCE!

I'M GOING TO CALL DR. ASGOOD, JIM! I'M WORRIED ABOUT MOONEY!
WHY ARE YOU IN MY HOUSE, OFFICER?
WHAT TH..., YOU OKAY, MOONEY?
WE CAME TO RETURN YOUR WALLET, MR. MOONEY! WE CAUGHT THE PUNKS WHO MUGGED YOU....YOU CAN PREFER CHARGES IN THE MORNING!
I DON'T BELIEVE I WILL TESTIFY AGAINST THEM, OFFICER...
IT IS MY BELIEF THAT WHOSOEVER HARMS ME WILL HIMSELF HAVE EVIL BEFALL HIM!
SO THE THREE HOODLUMS WERE RELEASED....BUT THEY EACH WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS....AND WERE QUIET AND LAW-ABIDING THENCE-FORTH! MEANWHILE.. ...MR. MOONEY BROODED ON BY HIS FIRE!
AMOS GRAFFT....THE BANKER....IS AN EVIL MAN! HE DEFRAUDED ME....THEN LAUGHED IN MY FACE! HE MUST BE MADE TO SUFFER....

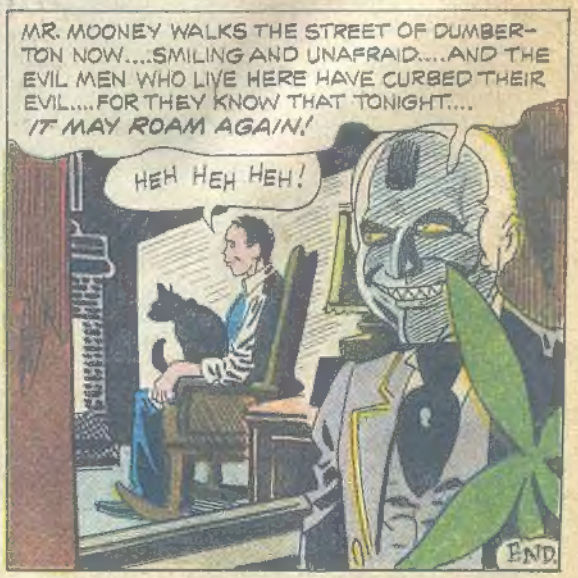
MR. MOONEY'S IN HIS TRANCE ONCE MORE.... AND HIS CAT SEEMS TO HAVE SOME BUSINESS OUTSIDE THAT DOOR....
AARGGH
BY SOME COINCIDENCE, AMOS GRAFFT WAS IN HIS BANK....GLOATING OVER HIS STOLEN WEALTH, PROBABLY! HE WAS SAFE IN THERE ....THICK METAL DOORS AND IRON BARS MADE IT SO....HE THOUGHT!
OH, NO!!
YES, YES....I AM A THIEF....I'LL CHANGE....GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE!
THE VAULT DOOR....THICK STEEL....WAS RIPPED AWAY! AND AMOS GRAFFT KNEW WHAT HE HAD TO DO!
GRAFFT IS OUTTA HIS MIND! HE'S THROWIN' THE MONEY AWAY!
I'M GONNA MAKE SURE I GET MY SHARE!

ARE YOU CRAZY, MR. GRAFFT? YOU'RE THROWING YOUR MONEY AWAY!
I STOLE MOST OF IT, YOU FOOL! THERE'S A COMPLETE CONFESSION ON MY DESK...I'M GOING TO GIVE EVERY NICKEL BACK!

THE GARAGE OWNER WHO CHEATED MR. MOONEY AS WELL AS MOST OF HIS CUSTOMERS SUFFERED A DIFFERENT FATE....
I PULLED A SHREWDIE ON THE WIDOW JONES TOD.... WHAT'S THAT?


WHEN EACH OF THESE WEIRD EVENTS TOOK PLACE, MR. MOONEY WAS ALWAYS IN A COMATOSE STATE.... AND THAT BLASTED CAT WAS MISSING!

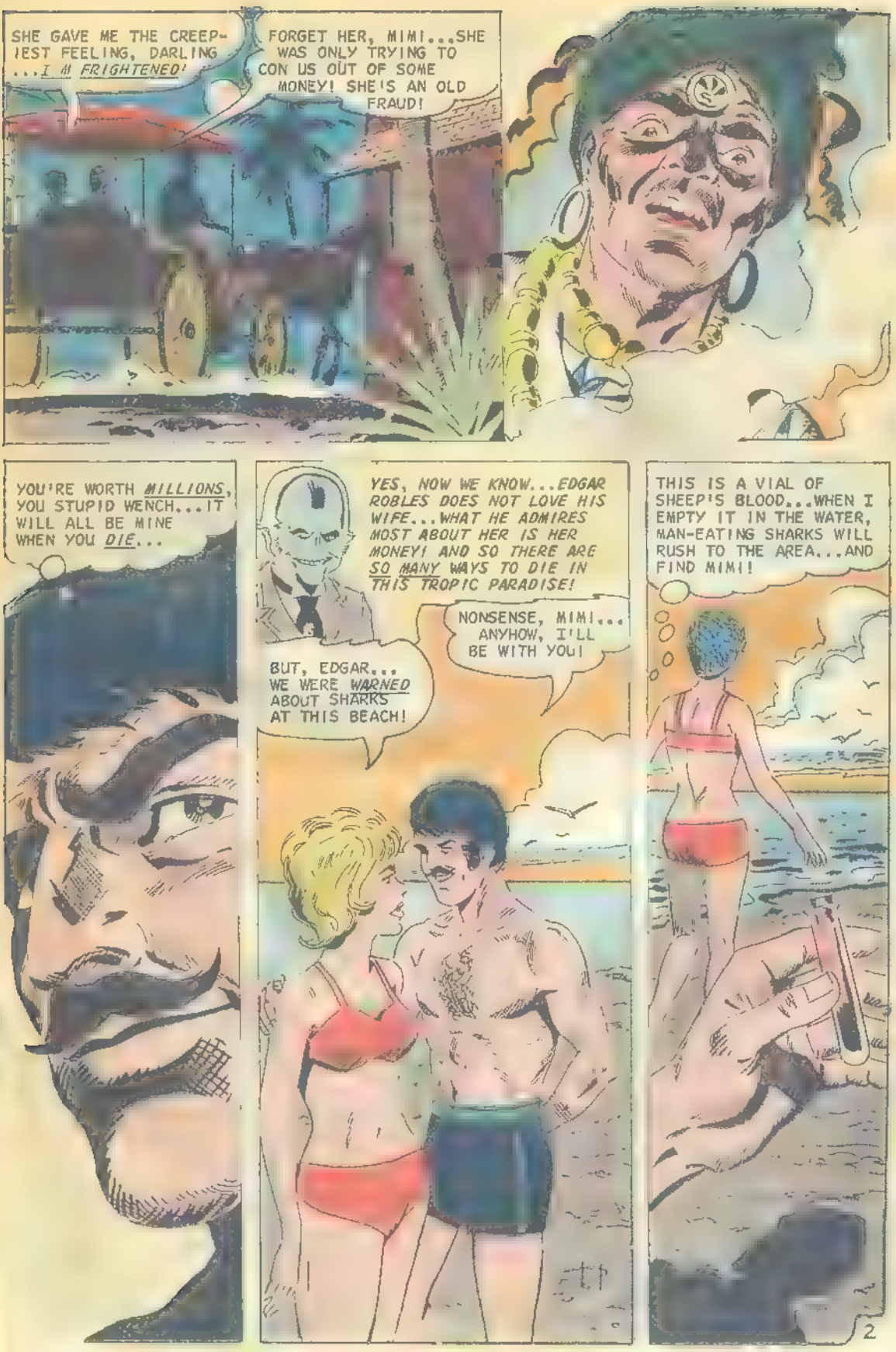
SO THE GARAGE OWNER'S CAR WAS WRECKED... AND HE'S IN THE HOSPITAL WITH PAINFUL BUT MINOR INJURIES! EXCELLENT...I THINK THE ACCOUNTS ARE BALANCED NOW!

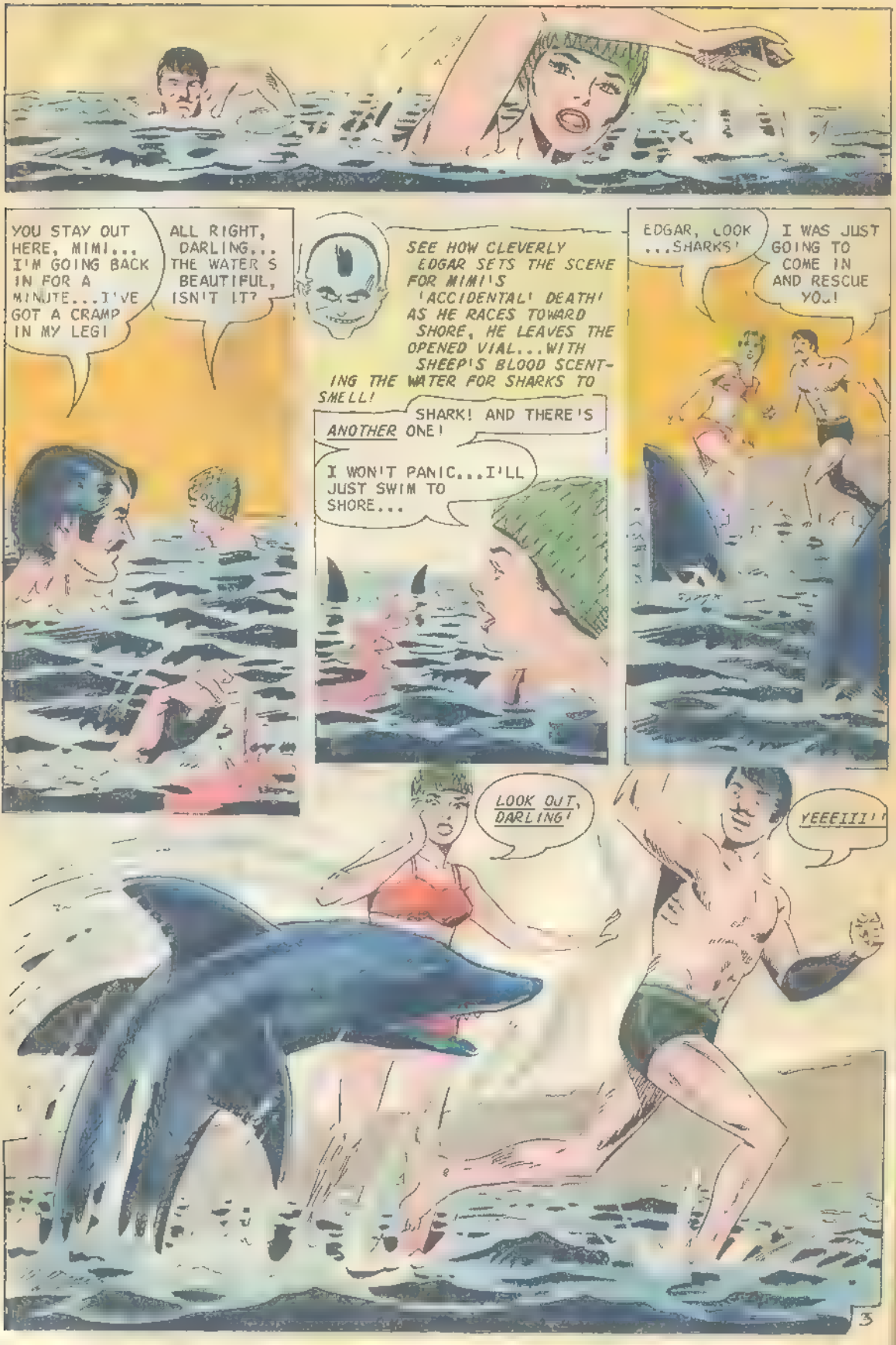

MR. MOONEY WALKS THE STREET OF DUMBERTON NOW....SMILING AND UNAFRAID....AND THE EVIL MEN WHO LIVE HERE HAVE CURBED THEIR EVIL....FOR THEY KNOW THAT TONIGHT.... IT MAY ROAM AGAIN!
HEH HEH HEH!
END

POWER of the DRUMS

I'VE GOT A TREAT FOR YOU TONIGHT, FAITHFUL FIENDS...WE'RE VISITING HAITI, THAT LUSH GREEN JEWEL IN THE CARIBBEAN...WHERE WE'RE TRAVELING WITH EDGAR AND MIMI ROBLES...WHO ARE HONEYMOONING IN PORT-AU-PRINCE, HAITI! AT THE MOMENT THEY'RE DOING THE TOURIST BIT...PAYING ONE OF THE HAITIAN 'WITCH DOCTORS' TO DO HER BIT FOR THEM!
TANTE JUJU KNOW ALL, SEE ALL! TANTE JUJU'S PET SMELL EVIL ...YOU LISTEN GOOD TO TANTE JUJU...DRIVE EVIL AWAY!
W-WHAT DOES SHE MEAN, EDGAR?
PAY TANTE JUJU FIFTY DOLLAH, TANTE JUJU DRIVE AWAY EVIL!
THE OLD BAG IS TRYING TO SWINDLE US, DARLING... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
HE KNOW TANTE JUJU IS RIGHT! BAD MAN NOT WANT CURSE LIFTED!
NICHOLAS ALASCIA
D-2067
1

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE


SHE GAVE ME THE CREEPIEST FEELING, DARLING ...I M FRIGHTENED!
FORGET HER, MIMI...SHE WAS ONLY TRYING TO CON US OUT OF SOME MONEY! SHE'S AN OLD FRAUD!
YOU'RE WORTH MILLIONS, YOU STUPID WENCH...IT WILL ALL BE MINE WHEN YOU DIE...
YES, NOW WE KNOW...EDGAR ROBLES DOES NOT LOVE HIS WIFE...WHAT HE ADMIRES MOST ABOUT HER IS HER MONEY! AND SO THERE ARE SO MANY WAYS TO DIE IN THIS TROPIC PARADISE!
NONSENSE, MIMI... ANYHOW, I'LL BE WITH YOU!
BUT, EDGAR... WE WERE WARNED ABOUT SHARKS AT THIS BEACH!
THIS IS A VIAL OF SHEEP'S BLOOD...WHEN I EMPTY IT IN THE WATER, MAN-EATING SHARKS WILL RUSH TO THE AREA...AND FIND MIMI!


YOU STAY OUT HERE, MIMI... I'M GOING BACK IN FOR A MINUTE...I'VE GOT A CRAMP IN MY LEG!
ALL RIGHT, DARLING... THE WATER S BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?
SEE HOW CLEVERLY EDGAR SETS THE SCENE FOR MIMI'S 'ACCIDENTAL' DEATH! AS HE RACES TOWARD SHORE, HE LEAVES THE OPENED VIAL...WITH SHEEP'S BLOOD SCENTING THE WATER FOR SHARKS TO SMELL!
SHARK! AND THERE'S ANOTHER ONE!
I WON'T PANIC...I'LL JUST SWIM TO SHORE...
EDGAR, LOOK ...SHARKS!
I WAS JUST GOING TO COME IN AND RESCUE YOU!
LOOK OUT, DARLING!
YEEEIII!!
3

WHY DID THE SHARKS SPARE MIMI ROBLES...AND YET ONE OF THEM FEROCIOUSLY ATTACKED EDGAR IN SHALLOW WATER? MAYBE *TANTE JUJU* KNOWS THE ANSWER...

LATER THAT EVENING.....

I NEED HER MONEY...ALL OF IT! I WAS OVER MY HEAD IN DEBT WHEN I MARRIED HER...THE PEOPLE I OWE WANT *CASH* NOT *EXCUSES!*

THAT WOMAN, EDGAR... SHE LOOKS *EXACTLY* LIKE TANTE JUJU, THAT WITCH DOCTOR YOU DIDN'T LIKE!

SHUT UP ABOUT HER, MIMI! YOUR STUPID YAKKING GETS ON MY NERVES!

REALLY, EDGAR? HOW UNLIKE YOU...YOU *USUALLY* SAY 'DAHLING' AND 'SWEETIE' UNTIL IT SICKENS ME! IS THIS YOUR *REAL* MANNER?

OF COURSE NOT, MIMI...I'VE GOT A CRUMMY HEAD-ACHE! I FORGOT MYSELF FOR A MOMENT!

COULD SHE BE TANTE JUJU, EDGAR? IF SHE'S REALLY A SORCERESS... SHE COULD MAKE HERSELF LOOK LIKE *ANYONE!*

I KNOW WHAT *YOU* WILL LOOK LIKE, MRS. ROBLES... LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CLIFF BENEATH OUR BALCONY!

AFTER LUNCH, EDGAR SUGGESTED THAT THEY NAP...AND SLIPPED ONE OF MIMI'S SLEEPING PILLS INTO A GLASS OF WARM MILK WHICH SHE DRANK THEN..
SLEEP WELL, MY SWEET...WHILE I PREPARE FOR YOUR 'GOING-OUT' PARTY TONIGHT!
THAT NIGHT...EDGAR ROBLES ROMANTICALLY ORDERED DINNER FOR TWO IN THEIR SUITE! WITH A MAGNUM OF VINTAGE CHAMPAGNE...
I'M MOONLIGHTING AS A WAITER IN THIS PANEL, KIDDIES! THERE ARE ONLY FOUR OF US PRESENT NOW!
THAT'S WHAT I SAID...FOUR! TANTE JUJU IS PRESENT TOO, YOU SEE! WE'LL SOON LEARN WHY SHE'S HERE!
MIMI, MY LOVE... LET'S GO OUT ON THE BALCONY!
EDGAR... I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER THE VIEW FROM HERE!
ENJOY IT, BABY...IT'S THE LAST THING YOU'LL EVER SEE!
5

THIS IS THE MOMENT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!
I'LL GET MY WRAP AND BE RIGHT WITH YOU, EDGAR!
EVEN AS EDGAR ROBLES LUNGES FORWARD TO PUSH MIMI ROBLES INTO INFINITY...HE WONDERED WHY HE HEARD HER VOICE FROM BEHIND HIM..
SO LONG, SWEETIE!
...AND THEN HE FOUND OUT THE REASON AS HIS THRUSTING HANDS MET...EMPTY SPACE! HE LUNGED AT AN ILLUSION...PUT THERE BY TANTE JUJU!
EDGAR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HE THOUGHT HE WAS PUSHING ME TO MY DEATH... SOMEHOW, IT'S ALL CLEAR TO ME NOW!
YES...MIMI ROBLES UNDERSTOOD THE SORT OF MAN SHE'D BEEN MARRIED TO ...AND SHE DID NOT GRIEVE! AS FOR TANTE JUJU... IF YOU DO THE TOURIST BIT AND SEE HER...YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE WHATEVER SHE TELLS YOU!
END

the MUSIC of the GHOST LOVERS

The name is Dave Ferris. Ah, that name you all know today. So let me tell you the truth about the recording I made. With a million dollars to my name, and more to come, for the first time in my life I really feel happy. No more financial worries. And now I am somebody. Only one recording but people will always point me out and say, "There's Dave Ferris. You have to buy his record of The Two Grenadiers and other short pieces by Robert Schumann. You don't have to believe what he says about it. Either he is the world's greatest genius; the world's greatest liar; or maybe it really is true."

For twelve years I was on the staff of the gym department in a certain well known high school. I was the lowest fellow on the totem pole. I actually was only a locker man. At every gym period the students had to change into their gym outfits. And leave their clothing, books, and valuables behind. My job - to see that nobody from the outside breaks in and steals their stuff.

When I sat at the lunch table with teachers from the English Department, or the Language Department, or any other Department - I sort of felt left out of anything they said. Believe me, they were all snobbish. And then one day there was a phone call from the principal's office.

"Mrs. Robilinsky is absent. We can't get a music substitute teacher to take over her classes Go at once to room 336. The lesson is about the music of Robert Schumann.

I figure maybe some joker is having fun at my expense. I go up anyway and there is Mr. Rensin, head of the music department.

"Why did you keep the secret of your musical talent from us? Take over the next class. It will be here in ten minutes

So there I am all by myself trying to make sense out of it when suddenly I see a flash of light. There before me are two people. A young man and a very pretty young lady. They are holding hands. And dressed like they did more than a hundred and forty years ago. Maybe I got eye glass trouble. Need new glasses

"Don't be scared," says the young man. "We are Clara and Robert Schumann. The happiest married couple in all of the history of music. We really aren't alive. To be exact, we are two ghosts. But here to help you. We know that as a boy you took piano lessons in the settlement music school on Third Avenue. And then you stopped because you had no more money.

Somebody played a joke on you the nice fellow you are. Told the principal you were a genius at the keyboard. And being lovers, we know you have a secret torch about a certain young lady. Her father doesn't want you to see her. So we will make you famous and rich. We just feel that way. Only you can see and hear us. We will talk for you. And my beloved [illegible] some of my music for your class. [illegible] sensation

So the class comes in and sits down. [illegible] laugh when they saw me. I at once started [illegible] open my mouth. And for fifteen minutes [illegible] them all about Clara Wieck. And how Poppa Wieck made her practice the whole da[illegible] the piano. Then how Robert Schumann ca[illegible] into her life.

"Now I will play some of the [illegible] by Robert Schumann," I told them

So I sat down at the piano. [illegible] Clara Schumann at my side. [illegible] keys. But she did the pla[illegible] Tree and The Two Grenadiers came first. [illegible] I did the famous Piano Quintet, the first movement. And then I did the Piano Concerto i[illegible] minor, the first movement. When I finished they all arose from their seats and cheered [illegible] Outside were teachers and students who r[illegible] into the room to congratulate me. I was very dizzy and almost fainted. So I go hom[illegible] And can't return to school for two days[illegible] doorbell rings. And a man says he is the fath[illegible] of one of my students and wants to see me [illegible] I let him in and he tells me the news.

[illegible] head of Margon Record [illegible] artist in this country. I gave my son a tape recorder. The finest that [illegible] could buy. His birthday present. He took [illegible] school and recorded your playing. My engu[illegible] can remove all outside noises. You will be famous and rich. I want the rights to it. Will gi[illegible] you fifty thousand dollars and the standard royalty contract. Dont sign it now. Take it [illegible] your lawyer. Only, what would you call [illegible] recording?"

Believe me, I didn't give him the answer. The words came out of my mouth - spoken by the ghost of Robert Schumann.

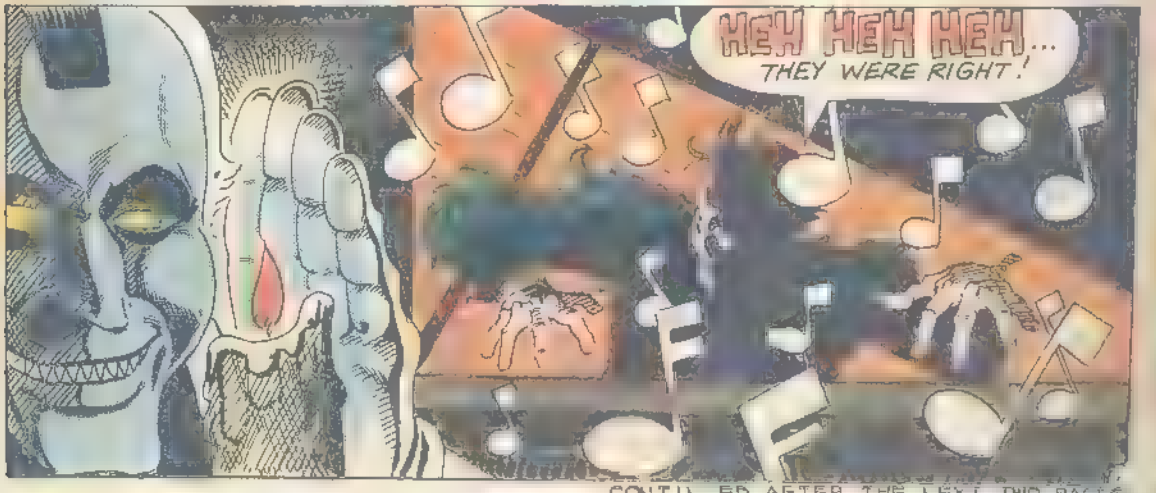
Call it the music of the Ghost Lover

So that's what you call it. Look, you don't have to believe a word I say. I really can't play the piano. That's why I have turned down millions in concert offerings. With one exception. That was the one I did for charity to h[illegible] crippled kids. Clara Schumann came and told me to accept it. She would play at the ke[illegible] Go read what the critics said about it. All raved Never heard such playing before. I won't accept another offer until and unless she comes and gives me the o.k.

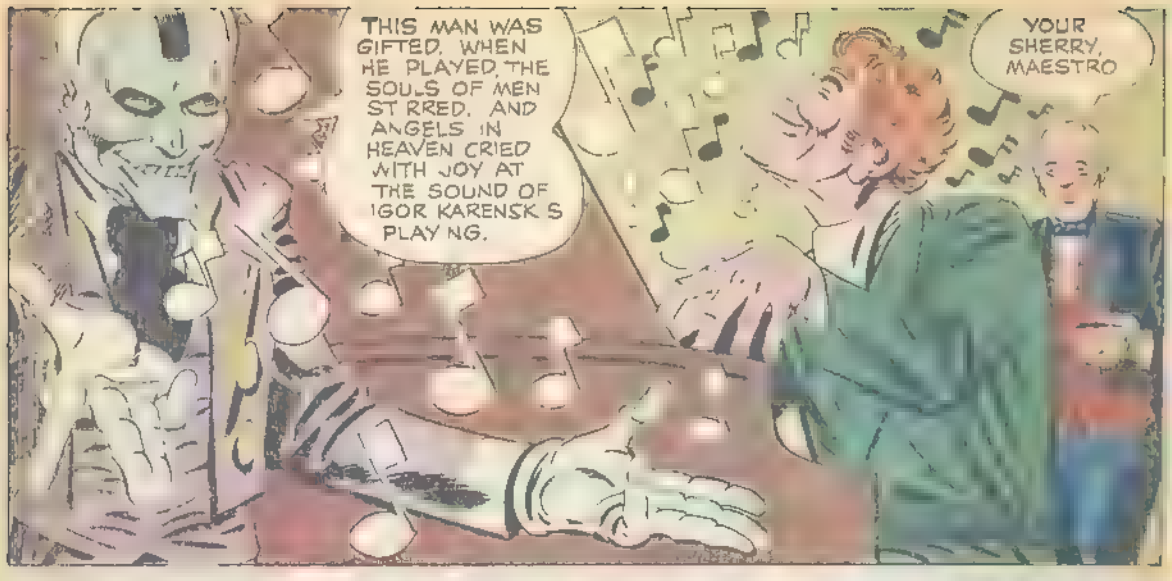
So my girl's old man actually runs after me. Afraid the other girls will go after me because I am rich and famous. No longer am I a [illegible] man in that school. I got myself a small yacht [illegible] like those two were - and still are.

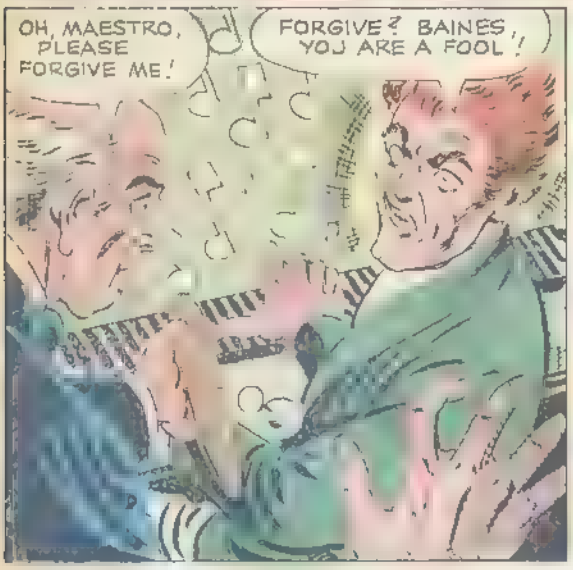
A TOUCH of GENIUS

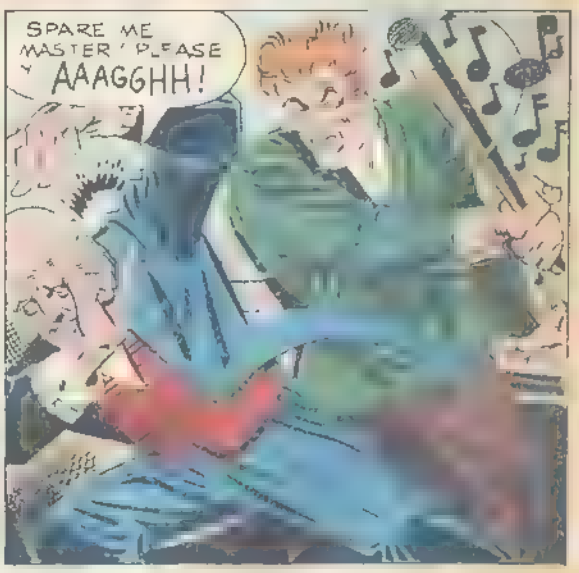
DON'T BE AFRAID, MY FRIENDS YOU KNOW ME, MR BONES YOUR GUIDE TO SOME MORE INTERESTING PLACES IN THE WORLD ! NOW, ON TODAY'S ITINERARY WE HAVE AN ANCIENT TOWN HOUSE IN A LONDON SLUM BUT A CENTURY AGO DUKES AND EARLS RESIDED ON THIS DISMAL STREET.. AND ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT INHABITANTS WAS KARENSKI, THE FAMED CONCERT PIANIST... HE PRACTICED RIGHT IN *THIS* ROOM... ON *THAT* IDENTIC PIANO! SSSSHH. LISTEN CAN'T YOU HEAR THE GHOSTLY ECHO OF IGOR KARENSKI'S PLAYING STILL ECHOING? WHAT *IS* THAT SHADOW... CAN IT BE..?
THE FOOLS ! THEY THOUGHT ME DEAD... THEY SAID NOTHING *HUMAN* COULD SURVIVE THAT *FIRE* !
D 2011

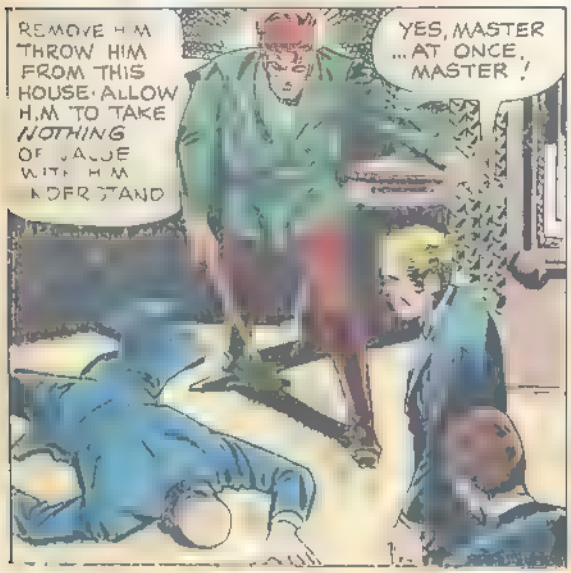


CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES

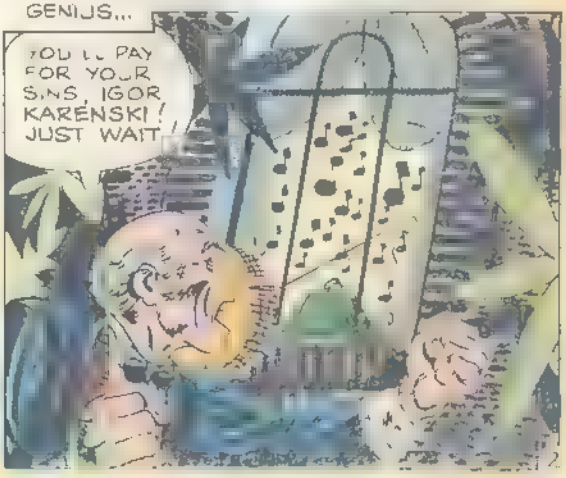

THIS MAN WAS GIFTED. WHEN HE PLAYED, THE SOULS OF MEN STIRRED. AND ANGELS IN HEAVEN CRIED WITH JOY AT THE SOUND OF IGOR KARENSKI'S PLAYING.
YOUR SHERRY, MAESTRO







CRUEL, YOU SAY? INHUMAN??? AYE, ALL OF THESE WERE KARENSKI... BUT HE HAD THAT SINGLE REDEEMING VIRTUE FOR WHICH THE WORLD FORGAVE HIM HIS VICES HE HAD GENIUS...

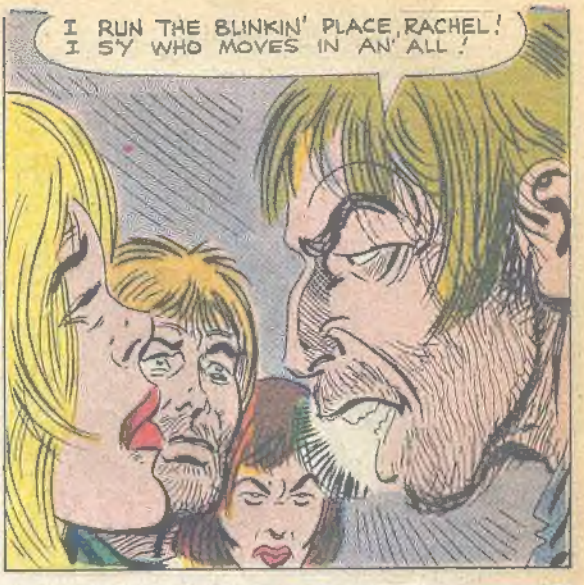


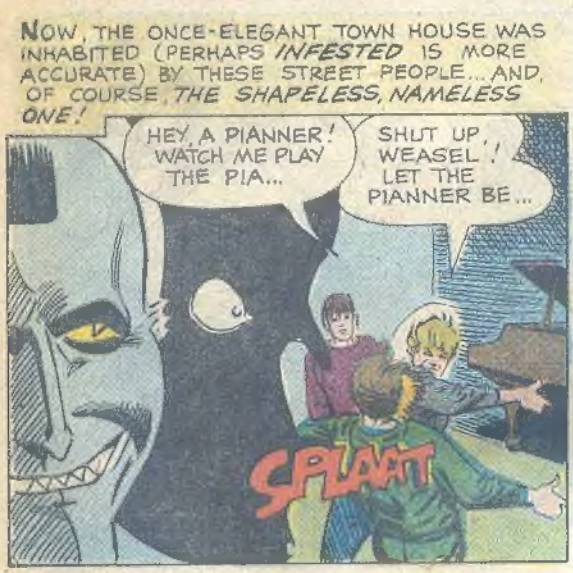
BAINES, BONES BROKEN AND MIND BENT WITH HATE, WENT IN THE DARKNESS TO A NARROW ALLEY... FOUND A BROKEN, DARKENED DOOR... AND INSIDE A HIDEOUS CRONE WAITING FOR HIM !
HE MUST BE MADE TO PAY, OLD WOMAN ! HE'S KILLED AND BEATEN AND DESTROYED THOSE ABOUT HIM... I SAY MAKE HIM PAY !
I'VE SEEN HIS BLACKENED SOUL N WRITHING IN THE FOG, BAINES !
HEE HEE HEE... HE CARRIES THE SEEDS OF HIS OWN DESTRUCTION WITHIN HIM !
HATRED BOILED AND BULLED INSIDE KARENSKI . WHILE HIS MUSIC SOARED TO HEAVEN.. HIS BLACK SOUL REACHED DOWN TO HELL !
YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED, MARIA... GO TO THE CELLAR AND WAIT FOR ME !
CREATURE OF DARKNESS, YOU ARE HURRYING TOWARD YOUR OWN DOOM ! LET THY CURSE FALL UPON THEE BEFORE YOU INFLICT MORE MISERY ON OTHERS !
SPARE ME, IGOR !
SILENCE, WOMAN !!

THE LAMP!
MARIA...THE FLAMES
HELP ME!
MARIA, WAIT. THE FLAMES..
AAAGGHH!
THE LUXURIOUS MANOR HOUSE DIDN'T BURN, FRIENDS,,, BUT IN THAT STONE-WALLED PUNISHMENT ROOM THE FIRE BLAZED BRIEFLY
ARE THEE SURE THE MASTER PERISHED IN THE FIRE MADAME ? WE DID NOT FIND HIS BODY AND
THE FLAMES CONSUMED ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF IGOR KARENSKI NEJLA... AND THE WORLD IS A BETTER PLACE FOR IT!

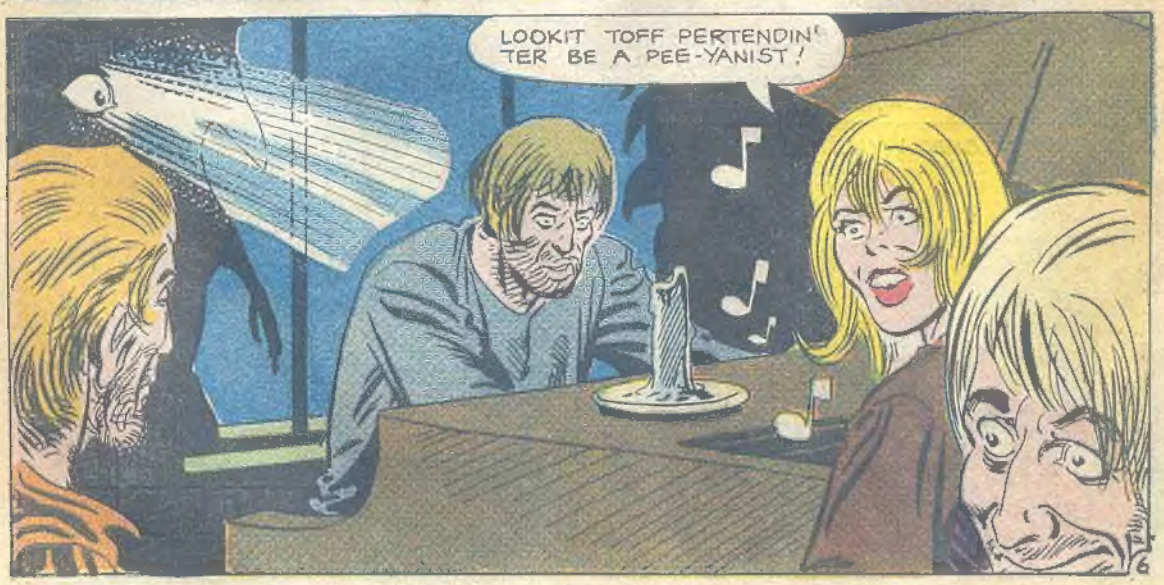
BUT WAS THE HOUSE EMPTY! HAD IGOR KARENSKI BEEN DESTROYED IN THE SEARING FLAMES? TAKE A CLOSER LOOK... HEH HEH HEH!
DO YOU SEE ANYTHING IN THERE? YES... LOOK CLOSER... NOW DO YOU SEE HIM?
DO YOU HEAR IT? DISSONANT CHORDS, AWKWARDLY STRUCK... IF THIS CREATURE WAS EVER IGOR KARENSKI . HIS GENIUS HAS BEEN DESTROYED . BY HIS OWN FURY!
THE STREET SAW ITS BEST DAYS . THE DUKES MOVED OUT . . POOR PEOPLE CAME . . BUT STILL THE DESERTED RESIDENCE OF IGOR KARENSKI REMAINED A HOLLOW, EMPTY SHELL!
WITH ALF O' LONDON JAMMED TOGETHER WHY'S THIS PAD EMPTY?
'AUNTED, THEY SAY, HUBERT! I'D RATHER BE 'AUNTED THAN SOAKED TO THE SKIN!
YOU'RE A DIRECT ACT ON TYPE, ALL RIGHT!
GET THE OTHERS, RACHEL!

A HARD-BITTEN, GODLESS GROUP, THESE NEW PEOPLE OF THE STREET...
A WHOLE HOUSE ALL TO OURSELVES, TOFF!
SOUNDS BEAUT! LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT, RACHEL...

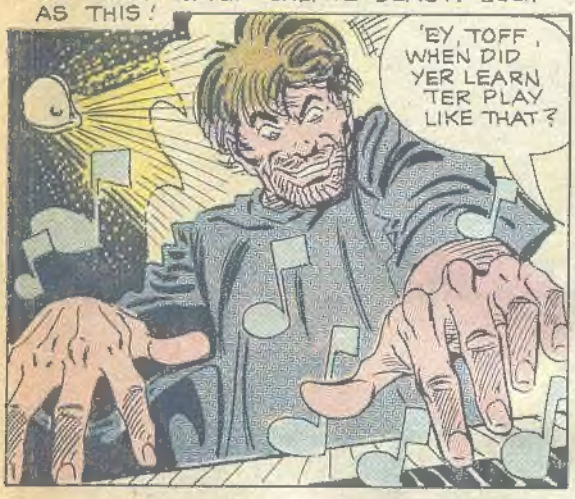

I RUN THE BLINKIN' PLACE, RACHEL! I SY WHO MOVES IN AN' ALL!


NOW, THE ONCE-ELEGANT TOWN HOUSE WAS INHABITED (PERHAPS INFESTED IS MORE ACCURATE) BY THESE STREET PEOPLE... AND, OF COURSE, THE SHAPELESS, NAMELESS ONE!
HEY, A PIANNER! WATCH ME PLAY THE PIA...
SHUT UP, WEASEL! LET THE PIANNER BE...
SPLAAT

EY, THIS PIANNER AIN'T ALL BUSTED UP AN' MOLDY LIKE THE REST OF THE PLACE! TOO BAD I NEVER LEARNED TER PLAY!
BANG ON THE KEYS ANYWAYS, TOFF! MAKE SOME BLOOMIN' NOISE!

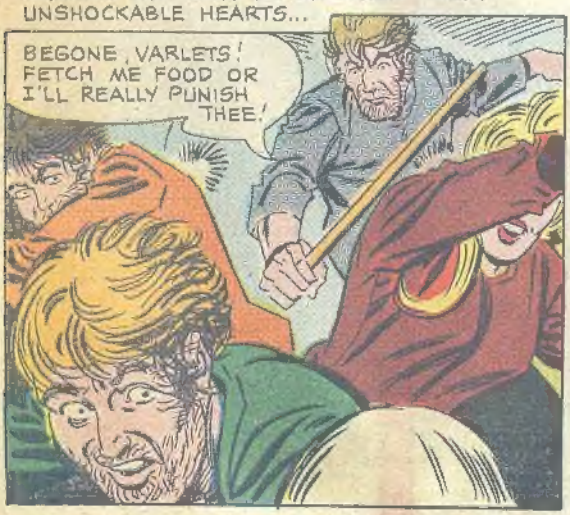

LOOKIT TOFF PERTENDIN' TER BE A PEE-YANIST!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS STUPID, CRASS, CRUEL BULLY OF THE STREETS... OBVIOUSLY HE COULD NEVER CREATE BEAUTY SUCH AS THIS!



STILL THY TONGUES, STREET GAMIN! GET BACK TO THE STREETS AND STEAL VIANDS WORTHY OF MY STOMACH!
BLIMEY, TOFF, YER KNOW THE PICKIN'S IS SCANT!

THEY'D KNOWN TOFF AS A VICIOUS, BRUTAL LEADER BUT NOW HE SHOCKED THEIR UNSHOCKABLE HEARTS...



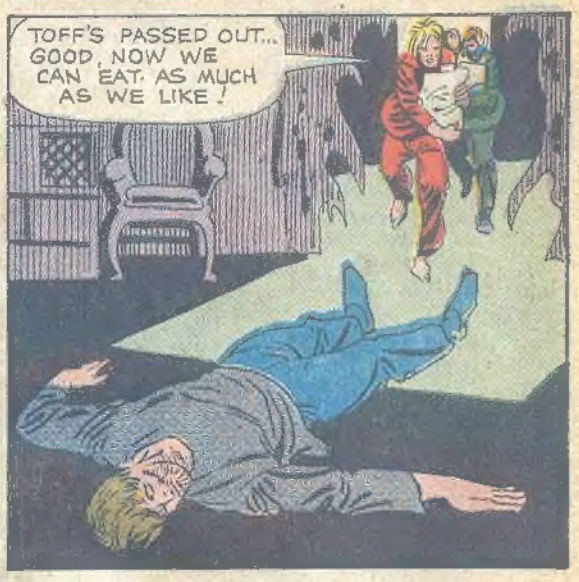
I... I'M DIFFERENT NOW! YOU... I SEE YOU IN THE SHADOWS! SHOW YOURSELF!
IT WOULD TAX YOUR SANITY BEYOND ENDURANCE WERE I TO SHOW MYSELF IN THE LIGHT!

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT PAGE

YOU THINK YOU CAN FORCE ME TO DO AS YOU WISH? I'LL SHOW YOU I'M STILL MY OWN MAN!
EXACTLY HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT FOOL?

I'LL SMASH THE PIANO, THAT'S HOW!
LOOK AT ME, TOFF!

YEEEIII!!


TOFF'S PASSED OUT... GOOD, NOW WE CAN EAT AS MUCH AS WE LIKE!

DON'T TOUCH A CRUMB, PEASANTS! YE'LL SUP ON WHAT'S LEFT WHEN I'VE EATEN!

SPEAKING A DIALECT NOT HEARD FOR A CENTURY, THE ONE THEY CALLED TOFF ABUSED HIS LITTLE BAND... AND PLAYED PIANO LIKE NONE OF THEM HAD EVER HEARD!
THIS MUST BE WHAT THEY CALL CLASSICAL MUSIC!
IT AIN'T GOT NO BEAT HARDLY... BUT IT KINDA GETS YER, DON'T IT?

TOFF TOOK A NAME... CALLED HIMSELF ANTON STRUBOV... AND SUDDENLY BECAME THE RAGE OF BRITISH TELEVISION!
BUT.. AT THE END OF EACH PERFORMANCE... HE HURRIED BACK TO THE HAUNTED TOWN HOUSE... AND HIS GANG OF STREET PEOPLE!
YER DON'T BLOOK A BLINKIN' FOOL, NOT 'ALF YER DON'T, TOFF!
YOU MINDLESS, MORON! YOU'VE MADE ENOUGH TROUBLE IN THE GROUP!
I'LL SMASH YOU TO A PULP!
NOT THAT... WATCH THE KEROSENE LAMP!
TOFF, YER BLINKIN' IDJIT... COME AWAY FROM THAT PIANNER!
I'VE DIED IN THE FLAMES BEFORE.. THIS TIME LET MY DEATH BE FINAL!
THE DRY AND ANCIENT WOOD FLARED UP LIKE GUNPOWDER... AND AS A PILLAR OF FLAMES MARKED 'FINIS' TO THE GENIUS THAT HAD DWELT SO LONG IN THE OLD PLACE, ONLOOKERS HEARD WILD, BEAUTIFUL MUSIC... AND THEN IT WAS SILENCED AND THERE WAS ONLY THE ROAR OF THE DEVOURING, CLEANSING FIRE!
END